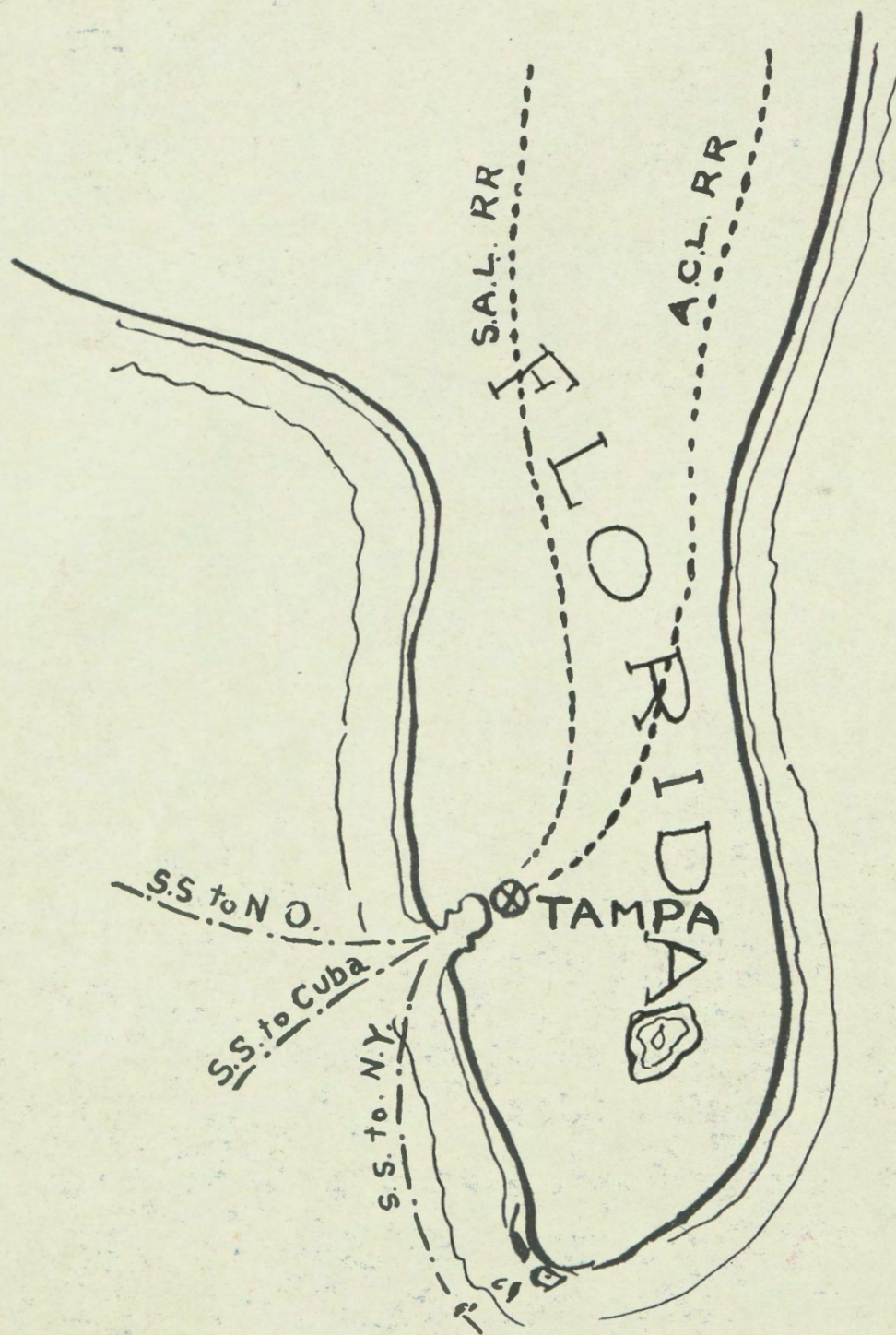


Charms of
TAMPA

*Florida's year round city
On the west coast*



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This map will show you how
to get here by land or water
how to leave won't matter much
for you won't want to leave

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TAMPA BOARD OF TRADE
TAMPA FLORIDA



Jim This is the
City Hall, where
they treated me
like a long lost
brother.

AMERICA FIRST

TAMPA SECOND

Directors:

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RUSSELL H. TARR
CARL C. HOTT
JAMES M. M'CANTS
JAMES G. YEATS
GEO. F. WEIDMAN
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The Tampa Board of Trade

Tampa, Florida
SEVENTH PORT

Directors:

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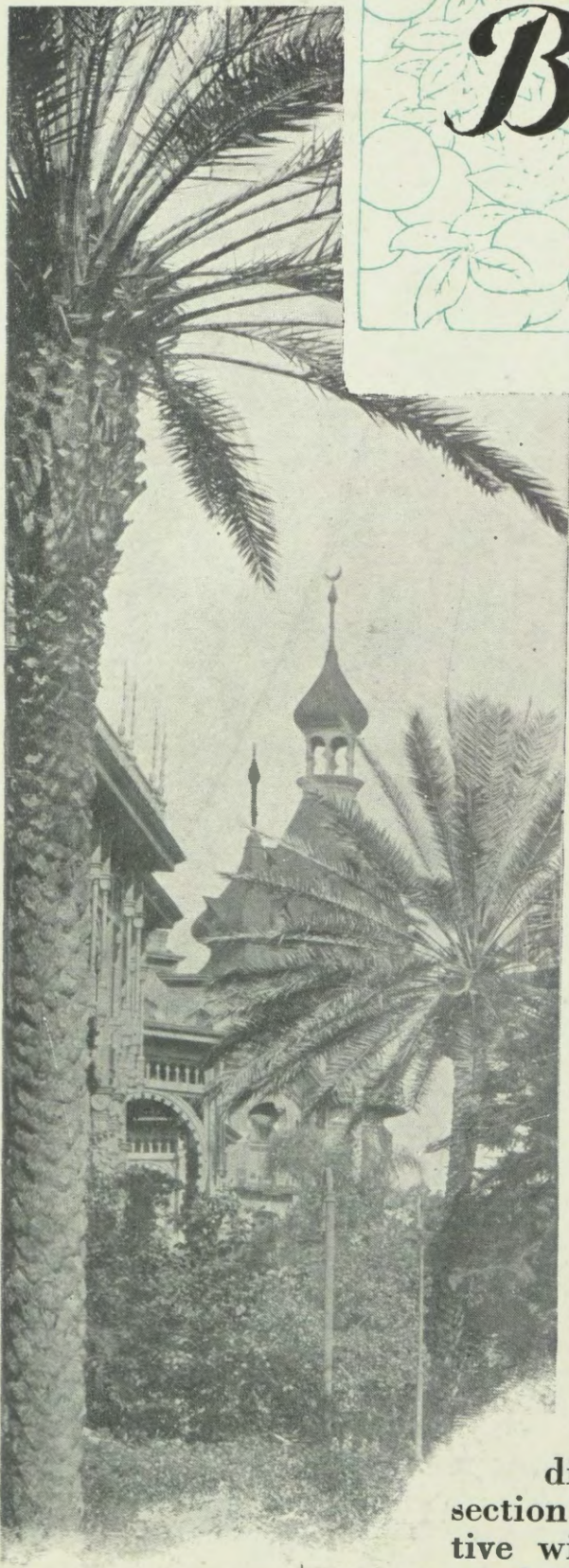
Dear Jim

I promised to tell
you about my trip
to Tampa; that's a
pleasure, old boy, and
I wish you had been
along.

Masses of green foliage and flaming poinsettias against a background of century-old live oaks and tall stately palms; vague glimpses of Moorish castles and Spanish hacienda. These are the visitor's first startled impressions of Tampa, perhaps, and he will lose no time in exploring a city which is unquestionably different than those he has known before. He will spend days in "getting acquainted," and the process will in no measure detract from his good opinion; a closer regard will not lessen the charm and beauty of the foliage, the poinsettias will still resemble bits of living flame, and the venerable live oaks will remain serenely confident of admiration and respect. True, the Moorish castle will resolve itself into a tourist hotel, but the many turrets will not disappear, and at the sunset hour they will hypnotize the beholder into pausing momentarily, awaiting the sound of the muezzin calling "the faithful" to prayers. The Spanish hacienda, too, will be prosaically explained as the homes of wealthy manufacturers, but by that time the observer will have become a devotee and will not mind.

Who shall explain the charm of Tampa the Unique? To attempt it is to involve one's self in an endless chain of adjectives and superlatives that are yet inadequate to convey this intangible something that must be felt to be realized. There are, of course, the lure of the Southland, the glamour of the tropics, the sunshine, the sea and sky that somehow seem a bit bluer than elsewhere; the climate, about which pages might be written; the warm, balmy winters, the cool summers; all these, of course, and something more. Perhaps it is the rare combination of a commercial and resort city, founded on the old, old principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Tampa is strategically located from a business viewpoint, being the shopping and marketing outlet for a very rich and progressive territory, South Florida—which to the initiated means the real Florida. Just a little north of Tampa is the citrus section, miles and miles of wonderful orange and grapefruit groves, planted on rolling land with literally hundreds of lakes dotted here and there. The Florida Citrus Exchange, a marketing organization of the growers, has its headquarters in Tampa, and the fruit is packed at the groves and shipped, as directed by this central organization, to all parts of the country.



B

BEING a Gulf port, with a splendid harbor, the water commerce is no small factor in the city's business, particularly the export and import trade with Southern countries; and this being the greatest phosphate producing section of the world, huge cargo steamers from European ports steam in and out daily. Time spent on the docks, watching the loading and unloading of these big freighters, seeing the intricate mechanism of the huge phosphate elevators, is interesting as well as instructive. Then there are the smaller boats, tubby schooners plying between Tampa and the West Indies, Central America and Mexico, going out laden with general merchandise (a most elastic term) and lumber products, and returning with tropical fruits, plantains, cocoanuts, the hardwoods from the southern forests, mahogany, ebony, mahowa and cedar. These vessels are fascinating, bringing with them spicy odors from the tropics and each carrying its own secret store of adventure and strife.

The city proper is a surprise to the average visitor. One comes prepared to find a sleepy southern town, observing the siesta hour and doing business by the week or month rather than by the day, and therein lies the surprise, for Tampa is not a typical southern city. It is cosmopolitan, made up of folks from everywhere; a rare article in that it combines the hustle and hurry of a northern city with southern charm and a tropical setting. To hold its position as the metropolis of South Florida there must necessarily be many warehouses and wholesale establishments, and the retail shopping district is most creditable. The downtown

section has wide, well-lighted streets, with attractive window displays of every kind. No visitor need "stock up" with supplies before coming, for

the shops offer a variety of wares equal to the eastern markets, and at prices that are attractive.

The city has a goodly supply of public buildings, and the visitor's first impression of the business section is cleanliness; white stone buildings, modern in structure and equipment, many of them with spacious green lawns, surrounded by palm trees, and with luxuriously blooming beds of flowers. The handsome post office and the beautiful city hall are typical examples of the buildings which in other towns would shortly after erection become grimy and most unattractive. There seems to be a fairy god-mother whose especial duty is to keep these buildings washed and polished, reflecting the radiant sunlight.

The poinsettia is a close rival of the orange blossom as Florida's state flower and nowhere are these more beautiful than in Tampa.

And should one weary of shopping or walking, a few short steps across the Lafayette Bridge (itself a marvel of whiteness) spanning the beautiful Hillsborough River, and one is in Plant Park; in the heart of the city, yet cool and quiet and restful, and as a tropical park unequalled in the country. Here, too, is the Tampa Bay Hotel, a tourist hostelry and also the city's turreted castle. Back of this park and really a continuation of it is Plant Field, an athletic field with ball diamond, race track, grandstand, et cetera, and it is here that the mid-winter Fair is held. Incidentally, this Fair affords a magnificent opportunity of seeing what South Florida can do in the way of production. Many people who know little about Florida have the idea that it is merely a playground, simply a place to come and frolic. It is a playground, an ideal one, but the skeptical observer has only to look over the exhibits at the South Florida Fair to realize that the state ranks very, very high in the production of agricultural products. A part of Plant Park has been converted into a playground, with games and amusements for old and young.

Tampa is a city of homes





CENTURIES ago the orange tree first appeared in the impenetrable forests of tropical India, in the Valley of the Ganges. The natives of India brought the orange out from the dense jungles into the open. The sunshine and care developed it, and the tree grew in size, the branches spread, and gradually the fruit took on a rich golden color, absorbed from the sun. It required years of study and experimentation by many people, and many nations, to bring the fruit to its present state of perfection. In the 400 period it reached Europe, and a little later it was found in Central China. Thence to Spain, by way of Java, and in the





sixteenth century the Spaniards brought it to the West Indies and to Florida.

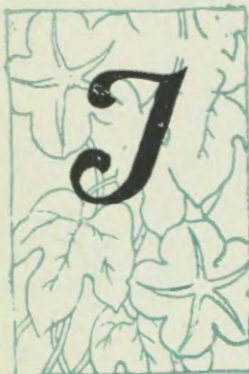
The Spaniards, however were not an agricultural people, and when the United States acquired Florida, a hundred years ago, they had done little to develop this important industry here, where all natural conditions seem best for orange growing; soil, climate and rainfall are perfect for the citrus fruit culture. Florida nurseries have experimented and have been successful to a high degree in improving and blending the citrus stock, and the results of this scientific work are the pedigreed stock, the trees that have made Florida famous as an orange producing section.

In recent years it has come to be recognized that the food elements of the orange are of great value. The orange is appetizing, exhilarating, nutritious and refreshing. It is a tonic, a blood purifier and a bone builder. In it are blended mineral alkalies, organic acids, sugar, phosphoric acid and iron. The longevity of the orange tree is amazing, one tree is now living (in Rome) that is over 700 years old, and this is symbolic of the permanence of the orange industry. The man who plants a grove in Florida is truly building for the future.





Legend has it that Hernando De Soto signed his treaty with the Indians under the spreading boughs of this aged oak.



JENNIS, roque, croquet courts, chess, checkers, swings, horseshoe rings; everything has been arranged for the convenience of the visitors who will want to spend most of their time out of doors.

Leaving the park and traveling still westward, to the city limits (and here it is not amiss to say that Tampa has an electric railway system worthy of note, trim one-man cars on the close-in lines, and big interurbans serving the outlying sections), one arrives at the base of a handsome monument, and that is the beginning of the famous Memorial Highway, the first "Road of Remembrance" to be visioned and carried to completion as a tribute to the soldier dead. This highway is built of asphalt block, wonderfully smooth, and for the entire fourteen miles it is bounded by live oak trees and oleanders, planted in orderly fashion; and a striking feature is the fact that the oleanders are planted according to color, a mile of pink, a mile of white and a mile of red, so that when they are blooming one has only to check them off and the speedometer becomes a useless appendage on this stretch of roadway. At the county line, the end of the Memorial Highway, is a second and duplicate monument. This is the end of Memorial Highway, but not of the road, as a road, for it goes on westward to adjoining counties with their prosperous towns, and to the various beach resorts.



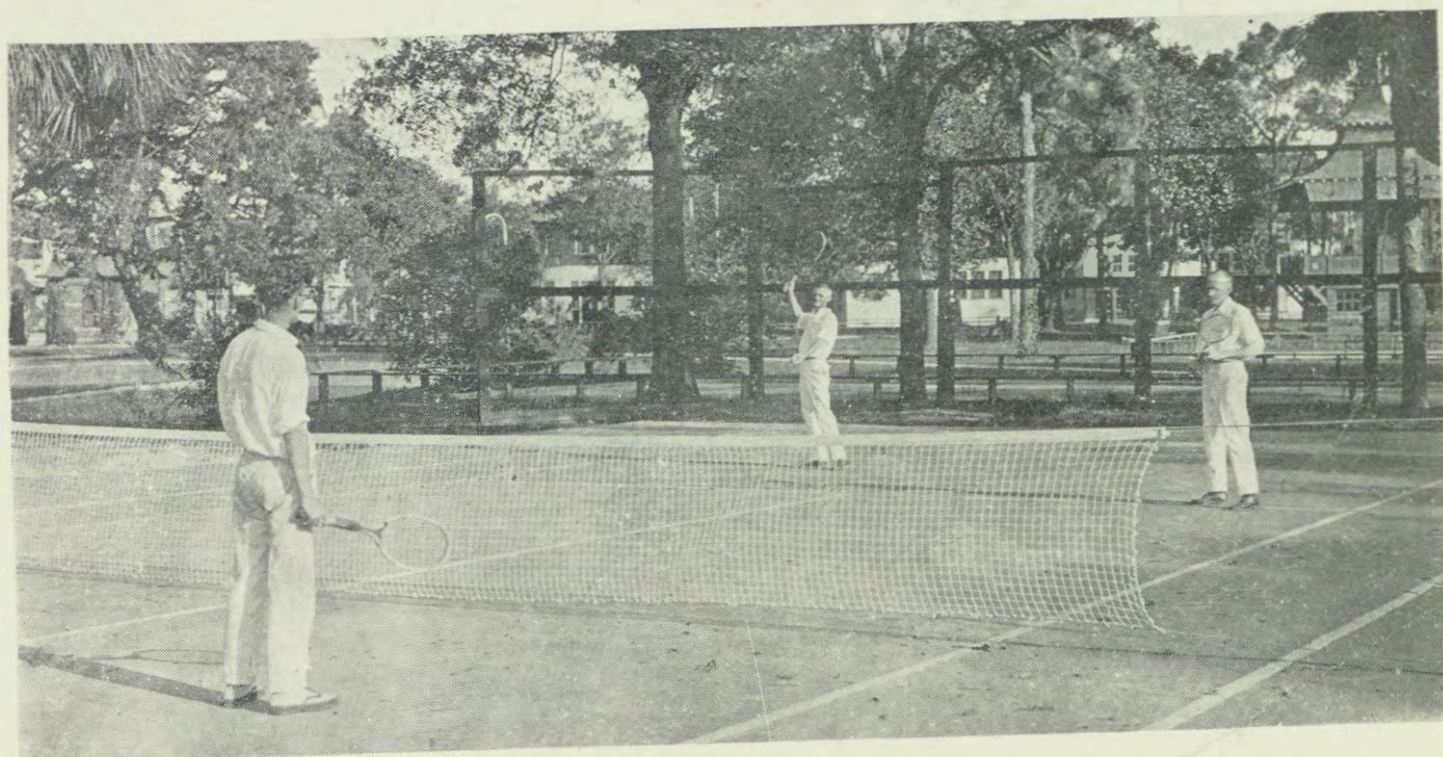
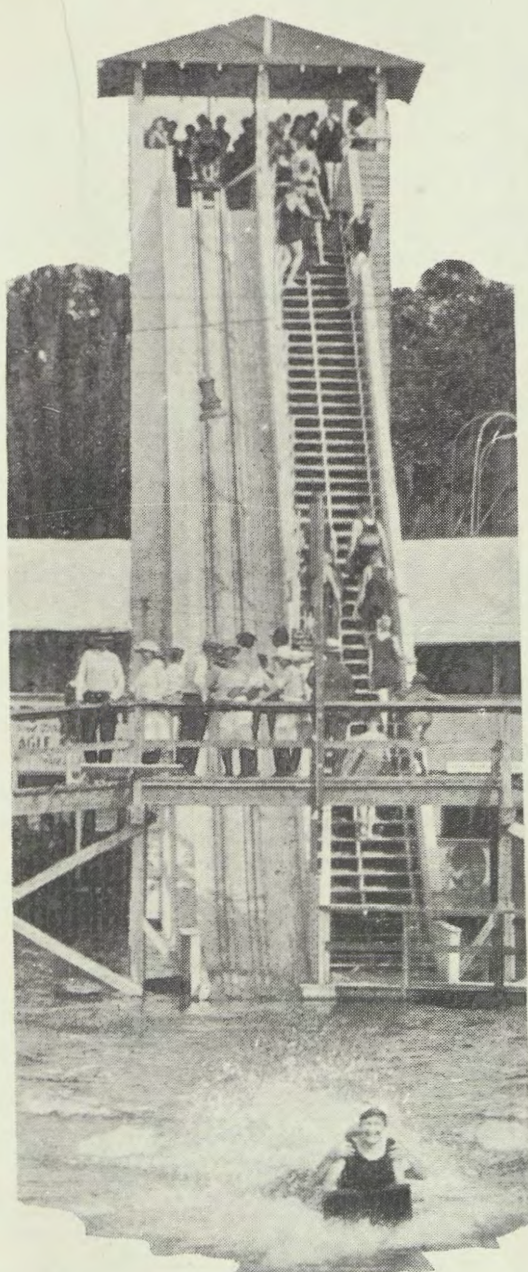
FLORIDA'S West Coast is famous as the Winter Playground of the Nation, and here both children and grown-ups may play out of doors almost every day in the year without discomfort.

Climatic conditions have been supplemented with games and playground devices; everything to ensure the happiness of the kiddies.





OUT DOOR GAMES EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR





G

REATER Tampa bears with ease and dignity the position as metropolis of South Florida, and looks with pride on its progressiveness from year to year. The surrounding back country is a prosperous and rapidly developing section; the population increases each year are amazing, and with each increase in this trade territory there is a corresponding and resultant growth in the city, which is the wholesale and jobbing and shipping center.

The development in the peninsular portion of the state is comparatively new, and in many instances the towns have

been so occupied in growing that they have not had time to herald that growth to the outside world. Innumerable surprises are in store for the visitor who comes to Southern Florida with the idea of finding the same conditions that existed fifteen or twenty years ago. A step by step record of the development of any one of a hundred towns in this section would be very interesting, and might seem almost incredible without substantial proof.

That great Crusader—the Developer—has found in Southern Florida a territory that might have been created to order. A section overflowing with natural advantages and opportunities; unequalled as to climate and scenery; with unprobed and apparently unlimited industrial and commercial resources. Semi-tropical without the dangers and discomforts of the tropics; new and virgin territory within easy reach of the trade centers of the country; accessible by splendid rail and water transportation facilities, and a system of excellent permanently paved roads. Men and women of vision are coming to Florida every year from all parts of the country; some of them are amazed at the improvement and modern conditions they find; others have more accurate advance information. Rarely are people disappointed, almost invariably they find it "even better than we thought," and they, in turn, urge their friends "back home" to come. Word-of-mouth advertising has been a large factor in the building up of the state, and this is now being supplemented by national advertising in papers and magazines. Settlers flocked to the state in astonishing numbers when only a hazy idea of the opportunities offered could be had, and with the truth about these splendid opportunities published broadcast an even greater increase in population is anticipated. Acres of undeveloped land are awaiting settlers, and towns and cities will welcome new industries and business.





T

HESE beach resorts are so closely connected by paved roads as to be regarded and actually to be a part of Tampa. The hotels and cottages are filled to overflowing and many Tampa people own homes at the beaches.

Speaking of paved roads: while some sections of the country have been talking good roads and forming organizations to issue attractive publicity, this section of Florida has been building roads. There are hard-surfaced roads leading in every direction from Tampa, linking the city up with adjoining counties, and also with the great trunk highways. Tampa and Hillsborough County have been pioneers in the good roads movement, passing the first Million Dollar road bond issue in the state, and following that with additional issues; and they have not been content merely to build their own roads, they have gone out and talked roads to other cities and counties, working energetically to secure and hold Florida's excellent reputation for good roads. So, today, Peninsular Florida has a wonderful system of linked highways; and the visitor may make Tampa his headquarters and take one and two-day jaunts to the various points of interest in South Florida.

Coming back to Plant Park as a starting point, one follows the Bayshore Drive, skirting the Hillsborough Bay for miles. This drive is truly magnificent, whether it be a glorious sunshiny day, when the water and sky are so nearly matched in coloring that they merge into a single sheet of blue glass, with no horizon line breaking the gorgeous expanse, or one of the occasional days when the Gulf outside Tampa's sheltering harbor is noisy and disturbed,

causing the usually placid bay to become ruffled and to splash around in gentler imitation of the Mother Ocean. Following the Drive along past many handsome homes one reaches the Country Club, which is only

During the mid-winter Fair King Gasparilla and his Pirate Krewe invade Tampa and hold carnival sway.

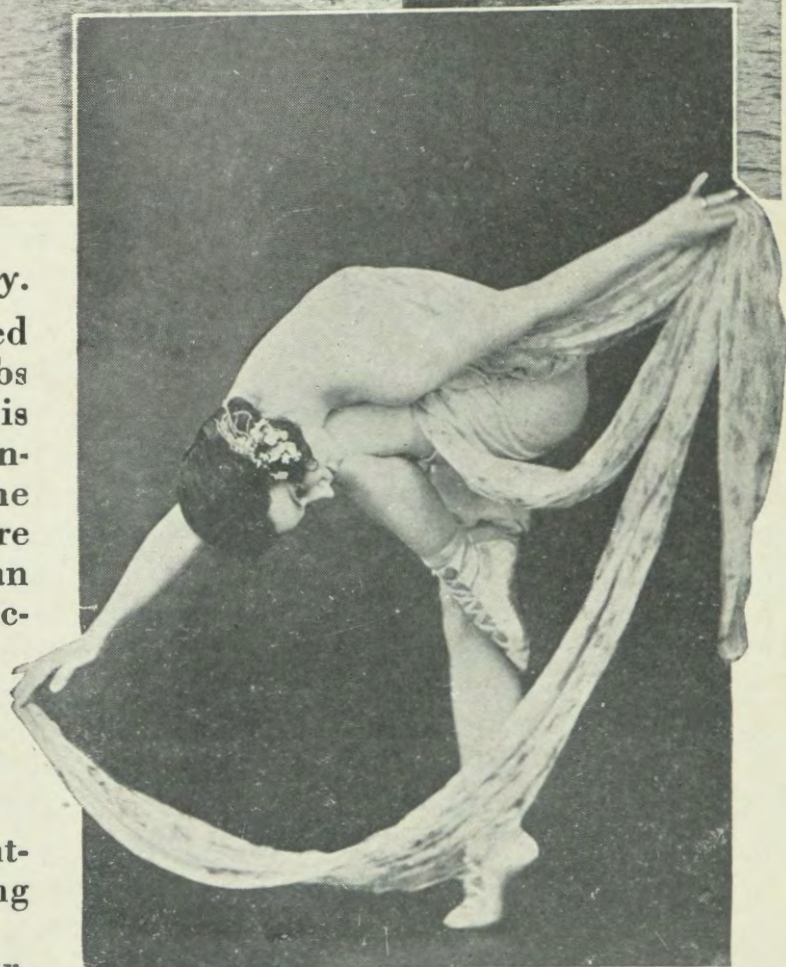




Pirate ship entering city.

one of the numerous clubs scattered throughout the city. These clubs are as varied as the people in this composite city, and of particular interest are the foreign clubs in the Spanish section of the city. Here live people of Spanish and Cuban descent, employed in the cigar factories, and leading a separate existence, with their own shops, churches, clubs and theatres. These picturesque people, with their foreign customs and language add much to the quaintness of the city, and visitors throng through this "Little Havana."

Attractive residential sections surround the city in nearly every direction, many preferring suburban homes, with an abundance of garden and lawn space, only a short distance from downtown and with all city conveniences available. Viewing street after street of commodious houses and cozy bungalows, built of brick, wood, stucco or concrete, one easily understands the attraction of the suburbs, and many are the visitors who succumb to this attraction and become residents in more than name. Even those who live here only a part of the year find themselves coming a bit earlier and staying a bit later each succeeding year. These people can and do testify to the absurdity of the prevalent idea that Florida is a place of burning sands in the summer. The summer is the rainy season, and with the hot weather in June comes a daily shower of rain, usually just after noon-time.



Fair dancers greet the Pirates.



Purchasing a surprise for the home folks.

THE shower passes, leaving a delicious coolness in its wake, and the omni-present Gulf breezes complete the work of keeping Tampa cool even in mid-summer. Compare the registered temperature with that of any northern city on any summer day, and you will be truly astounded. Heat prostrations and sunstroke are unknown, and it seems that only in the winter is Florida nearer to the friendly sun than is the rest of the world.

North of Tampa is the famous Sulphur Springs — a marvelous spring with an hourly flow of three million gallons. An amusement park has been built with this spring as a nucleus, and the pool is completely equipped with bathing facilities—diving boards, swings, and

the various features which add to swimming's already potent attraction. One goes to Sulphur Springs, takes a dip in the cool, invigorating water and comes out looking for new worlds to conquer, and those worlds are waiting. First, there is the Alligator Farm, a never failing spectacle for local people as well as visitors. There are 3,500 of these clumsy reptiles in every stage of growth, all the way from the egg to the giant patriarch, aged two hundred years and measuring ten feet from tip to tip, and weighing 400 pounds. One may watch every phase of their existence, sleeping, eating, "sunning" (the 'gator's favorite sport), and may even buy them and ship them home to one's friends. In conjunction with the 'Gator Farm is a complete zoological garden, with bears, wolves, badgers, parrots, etc. From the 'Gator Farm to the Canoe Livery is not a great distance in yards or feet, but in other ways—well, it's a long way to go. Although Mr. 'Gator has his good points as a nature study, he is not a thing of beauty, and a canoe voyage up the Hillsborough River from the Springs is a series of beautiful pictures. A tropical river winding through jungles that might have been transported from the heart of South America, with ghostly cypress trees that bend over the water, striving perhaps to see if the mirrored reflection does justice to their slender symmetry. Live oaks and palms are here, too, although the cypress is admittedly queen of the water's edge, and draping over all is Spanish moss, a grey veil which even the most stately trees do not scorn to use in coquettish fashion. This moss in some strange way shares the identity or the qualities of the tree it graces. On the majestic live oak it hangs in loops and garlands that retain an air of dignity, as befits the age of the oak. On the cypress, however, this restraint is thrown aside, and it becomes a luring, mocking cloak, veiling countless mysteries. Along the river bank, interlacing and binding the tree trunks, is a tangled mat of shrubbery, and this the casual observer will be content to accept en masse, not troubling to analyze into its component parts.



*He is lucky who pitches in Tampa—whether
it be horseshoes or a tent.*



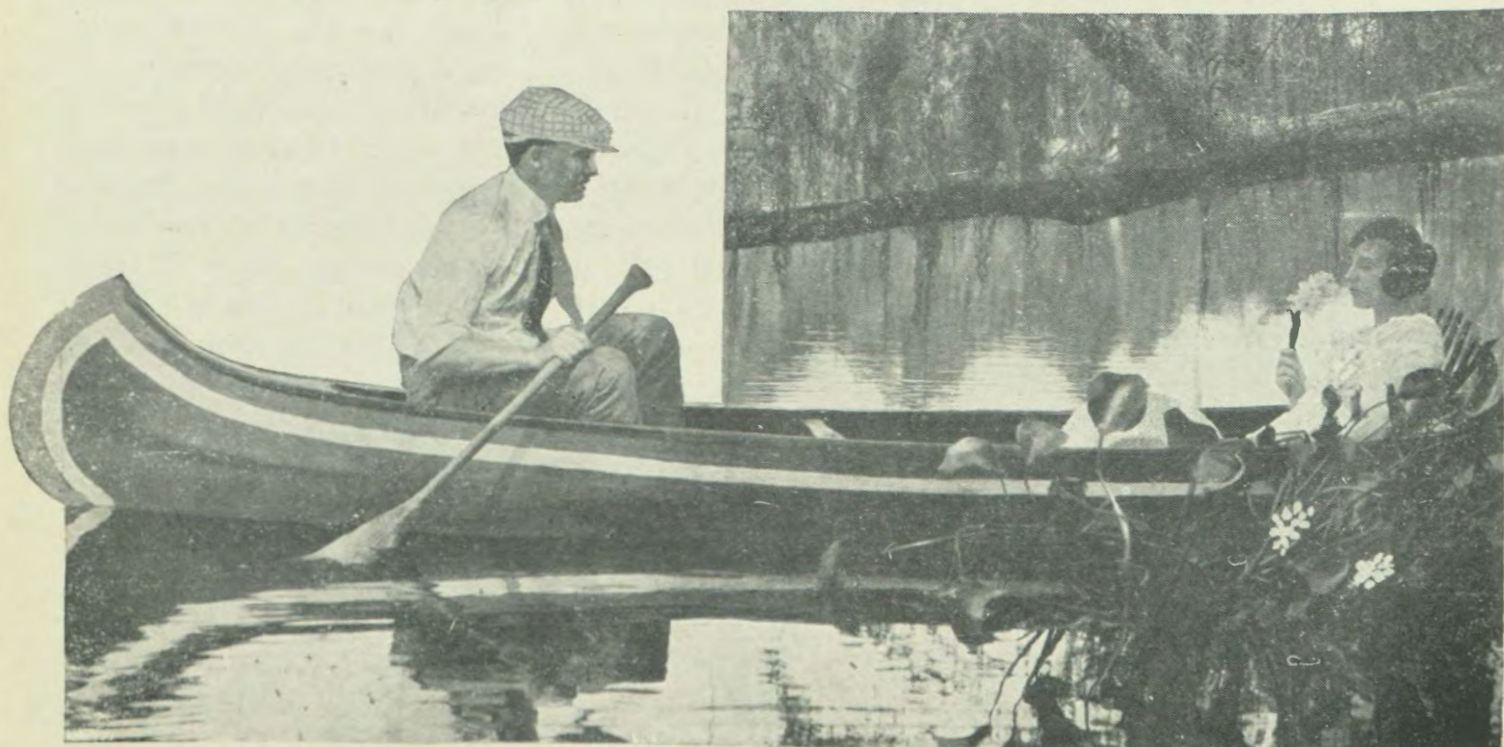
*Now for a
ringer.*

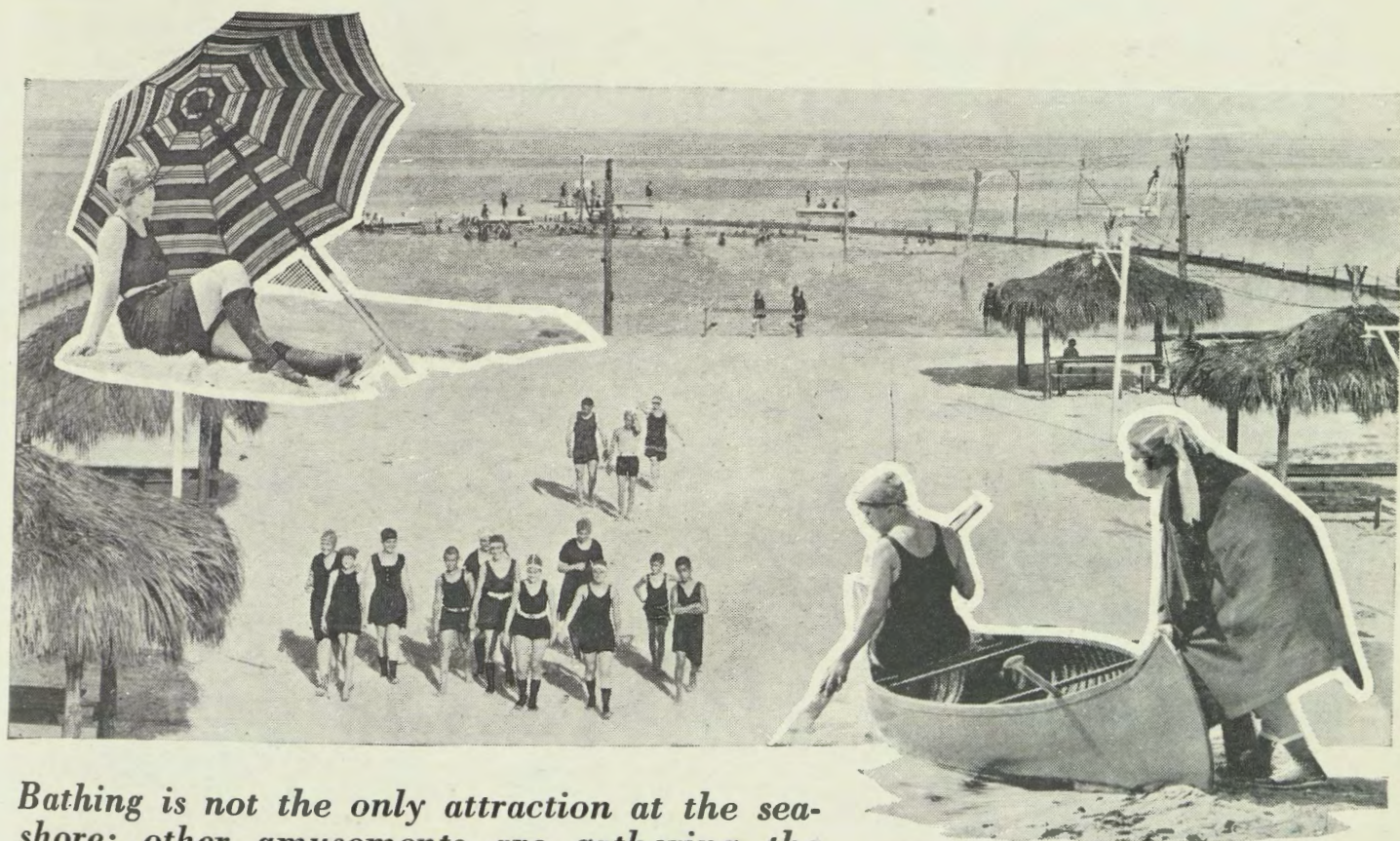
Clumps of water hyacinth dot the surface of the river, with gorgeous purple blooms offering shelter to innumerable caravans of nomadic butterflies. The river is calm, not stagnant, but placidly flowing toward the sea, and the jungle border shuts one into a world of comparative silence, broken only by bird calls or the occasional p-p-plunk of a particularly agile fish, for the big ones are prone to jumping high into the air, falling back with a resounding flop. Resting one's paddle and looking forward or backward on some stretches, it seems incredible that just around the bend is civilization and its attributes—trolleys, telephones and a teeming city.

East of the city, bordering another arm of the Bay, is DeSoto Park—the motor camping ground. Recently Florida decided to humor the motor tourist in his desire to camp out, and the result of this decision was the appearance in almost every town in the state of the camps. Only a few will be re-opened this year, and Tampa's is one of those few. Operated in a business-like manner by the municipal authorities, this immense camp is provided with adequate facilities, city sewerage, lights, water, street railway, a huge hot-water tank, shower baths, and a central pavilion for entertainments.



THE park is beautifully situated, in a palm and oak grove, having a sea-wall, and being within the city has all conveniences. It is in charge of a caretaker with police powers, and each party entering is required to register and is then allocated a space. It is an unusual and interesting sight to see hundreds of camp homes, each different from its neighbor, the cars parked alongside of the tents and in many cases incorporated as a part of the camp itself. Families from Michigan and Maine, from Canada to the Gulf and from California to Oregon; the women sewing and chatting, the men pitching horseshoes, and in the background the family "wash" flapping in the breeze. Some marvelous tales are told around these campfires, records made in speed and endurance, tales of the "good lil' old car," of bad roads and good roads. Doubtless some of the campers' children's children will be hushed to sleep with stories of grandfather's exploits and ad-



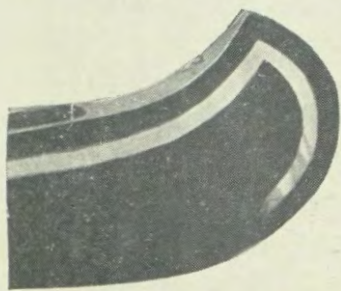


Bathing is not the only attraction at the seashore; other amusements are gathering the vari-colored shells, small sponges, coral and sea oats, hunting donacs, catching crabs, and, if one is young in body or spirit, building snowy sand-castles.

ventures motoring through Florida. They have yielded to impulse and followed the trail southward, scorning the imprisoning walls of hotels and houses; true wanderers, it seems hard to believe that "back home" they are bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and so on, and that their wives are club women and social leaders. They fit into camping so easily that one somehow feels that they have always camped and always will. Yet, when spring comes they grow restless, and the sturdy flivver (or its larger brother) is piled high and headed north.

Camping is not obligatory, however, for Tampa's hotels are excellent: one expects excellence of the big tourist and commercial hotels, but it is doubly pleasing to learn that the smaller places have ideals, and live up to them. One may find what he desires in the way of a place to live—hotel, apartment, cottage, furnished room or sleeping porch, and the prices are not at all exorbitant. Incidentally, this matter of "finding" a place is not as difficult as it sounds, and as, unassisted, it undoubtedly would be. That is the "why" of the Information Bureau of the Tampa Board of Trade; created for the sole purpose of "aiding and assisting the visitors in finding comfort and happiness," it notably succeeds in its chosen mission. Alighting at the Union Station, the

"wise" tourist goes to the City Hall, first floor, first door to the right; he announces his presence to one of the courteous attendants and outlines his wishes as to accommodations. That matter settled, he registers on a proper card, giving his home and Tampa address, so that friends may learn of his presence here; then, if he cares to, he may look over the cards and ascertain if Bill Smith or Tom Jones, or any one else from "home," happens to be here. He will discover writing tables, fitted with materials, stationary and picture postcards, and he may send as many as he likes to all of "the bunch."



Canoeing on the beautiful Hillsborough River.



Wondering if they'll believe him when he writes home.



FROM the information desk he receives a city map and a chart of the points of interest, Where to Go and How to Get There, and he also learns of the various tourist clubs and pleasure parties. So, gradually he fits into his particular niche and becomes an enthusiast. He comes to depend upon the Bureau, which is merely a crystallization of the courtesies he meets everywhere in this most hospitable of cities, and the chances are that he will have joined the loyal legion of Tampa's visitors before the season is far advanced.

Significant of the city's courteous attitude toward the visitor is the fact that the excellent city schools are open to the children of visitors without the payment of tuition. These schools are quite equal to those in other cities, and a child loses no ground by being transferred for the winter months. The various clubs organized and officered by the visitors themselves are constantly arranging picnics, dances, boat trips, strawberry festivals, fish fries, and countless other stunts that are well worth while. Even in South Florida there are some inclement, grey days, and for these, a centrally located, well equipped recreation room has been provided, fitted up with games of all kinds. Then there are the bus lines radiating to near-by towns; to the phosphate section to see the hydraulic mining system in operation; to the greatest sponge center in the world; to see the queer little Greek boats come in loaded with sponges; to the beach resorts where the Gulf breakers come pounding in, and the boat trips down the bay to the truck farming centers.

The theatres are modern, handsome structures, offering motion pictures steadily and continuously; there is a Keith vaudeville house, and the local managers also offer the best of the road shows, recent successes with good Broadway casts.

S

UNSHINE and blue sky add charm to the excellent out-door band concerts, held in Plant Park during the winter season. As for golf, well, Florida might have been created for golfers, for unless one goes into the Everglades it is a difficult matter to get entirely away from the sight and sound of golf. Tampa has two sporty eighteen-hole courses with handsome and completely equipped club houses, and they offer special rates to the visitors. "Year-'round-golf" is the slogan, and the perfect grass greens, the smooth fairways, with their soul-trying hazards, are as alluring in January as in June.

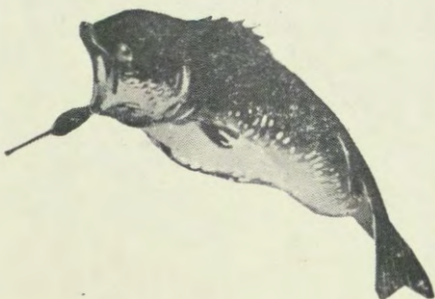
One does not need to be particularly skilled in fishing or lying to be a successful fishermen in Florida. The ocean, rivers and lakes are teeming with fish, and one may choose Spanish mackerel, bass, trout, red snapper, mullet, king fish, rovalia, sheepshead, red fish, garr, or any of the 590 other varieties. The tarpon, the greatest of all game worth waiting for. All va- may charter a launch and may take a row-boat out sit quietly in the shade and

Vast stretches of wide range of choice of grain fields or ing equipment and bear and panther

fish, is a late season catch, but well rieties of fishing are available; one go out into the Bay or Gulf; one for a shorter distance, or one may drop a line into the water. primitive forest offer the hunter a game. Bird shooting in the close-in prairies, and big game, requir- guide. Deer, wild turkeys, in the 'Glades, and—

it is whispered— one need not go quite so far afield for the turkey or possibly a deer. No city is perfect, and all cit- ies have their good points; occasionally we discover a city that seems particularly blessed with natural advantages. That great crusader, the devel- oper, has done and is

*A dog, a gun and a Florida trail
—what hunter could ask for more?*





The downtown streets are lined with palm trees, no small part of the city's charm.

One of the city's most striking attributes is its unusual cleanliness; white buildings outlined against green shrubbery and the mellow sunlight gilding everything.



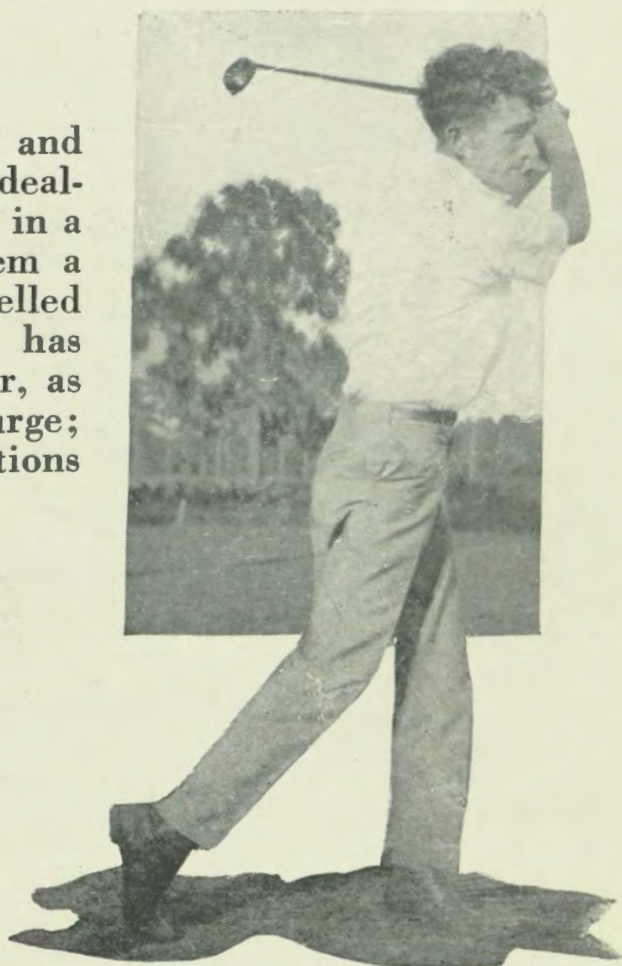
"Year-'round" golf is Tampa's slogan, and there is no 'closed season' in this sport."

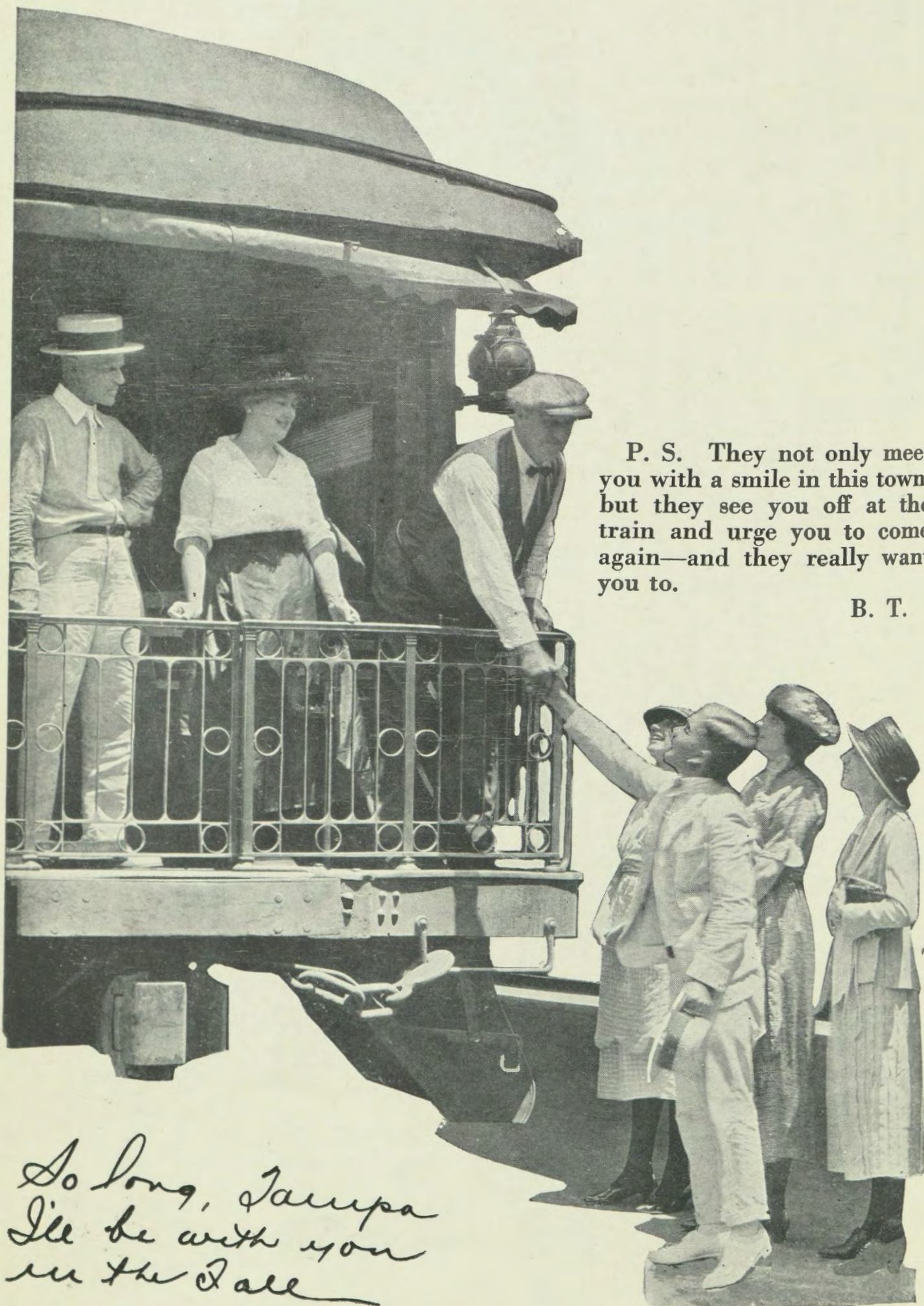
doing much for Tampa, and he has some splendid material to work with. To the person coming from the snow-bound regions, accustomed to waking up on tragic

zero mornings to be confronted with frozen and bursting water pipes, struggles with the coal dealer, and the hundred other penalties of living in a cold climate, Tampa in mid-winter will seem a bit too celestial to be real. He who has smelled orange blossom and jessamine in February has been exposed to a charm, and the next year, as the first snow falls, he will have that restless urge; then, a willing victim, he makes his reservations for a berth to Tampa.

Better come on down—I'm staying.
Your Pal,

Bob





P. S. They not only meet you with a smile in this town, but they see you off at the train and urge you to come again—and they really want you to.

B. T.

*So long, Tampa
I'll be with you
in the Fall*



Preference

Sunrise in Florida, I assure you,
Is a truly marvelous sight;
And I own a fondness equal
For a gorgeous moon-lit night.
Yet when compared, these glories pale
And seem quite drab and dun,
If one has viewed, 'cross hyacinths,
The setting of the sun!

G. L.

Charms of
TAMPA

*Florida's year round city
On the west coast*

